

THE  
Muses Mercury:  
OR,  
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of  
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,  
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.

By the Best and most Celebrated Hands.

To which is added,  
An Account of the *STAGE*, of the New *OPERAS* and  
*PLAYS* that have been Acted, or are to be Acted this Season;  
And of the New Books relating to *Poesy*, *Criticizm*, &c. lately Publish'd.

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For the Month of *APRIL*.

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To be continu'd Monthly.

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*Ex Quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.*

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THE  
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OR,  
Monthly Miscellany.

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For the Month of *APRIL*.

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**W**Hile the whole Kingdom is in Joy for the Happy Union between the Two Nations, which has been so lately and peaceably effected, 'twould be a Wonder if the MUSE shou'd be silent, and not tune her Harp on so glorious an Occasion. We hope the following Poem will therefore be acceptable to the Reader. It was written for our Mercury, and we cou'd not in Gratitude refuse it a Place on that account, but we believe it will be thought to deserve it on its own.

**L**

**The**

# The Triumph of *UNION*:

Occasion'd by that Great and Glorious One,  
concluded between the Two Nations of  
*England and Scotland.*

By J. H. Esq;

**O**! Wond'rous Pow'r of Virtue that can bind  
So fast what Faction had so long disjoyn'd;  
Whose Voice can bid the Rising Tempests cease,  
And make the Farring Nations fond of Peace;  
Root up the Seeds of Discord, and inspire  
So many differing Wills with one Desire.  
O Harmony! Like what they know above,  
Where all is *UNION*, and Eternal Love;  
Let us like them, the Author's Glory raise,  
By Acts of Duty, and by Songs of Praise.  
Had Britain been in ancient Times the same,  
In League, one People, as she was in Name,  
The Roman had in vain our Isle explor'd,  
And never had she known an Alien Lord.  
The generous Nation had his Arms restrain'd,  
And the World's Freedom with their own maintain'd.  
War with themselves for petty Feuds they wag'd,  
And more against themselves, than Cæsar rag'd.  
Had One brave Chief, and one United Host,  
With mutual Valour, scour'd the Virgin Coast,  
Great Julius had his Fav'rite Conquest lost.  
No British Trophies had at Rome been seen,  
Nor Votive Pearl adorn'd the Paphian Queen:

But



for the Month of April, 1707.

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*But Discord, as in Gaul, in Britain reign'd,  
And first this Isle, and then the World he gain'd.*

*By Discord Saxon Hengist forc'd his way,  
And the rude Norman fix'd his hated Sway;  
The ruder Dane with his Pyratick Band,  
By Discord ravag'd the defenceless Land.  
If Britains to their Int'rest had been true,  
They had not fought to save, but to subdue.  
Scots, Picts, and Saxons, Names that now are none,  
Divided, into several Int'rests, One.  
Their Strength the Fury by Division broke,  
And fitted 'em to bear a Foreign Yoke.  
Envy, Revenge, and mutual Lust of Spoil,  
Destroy'd the wretched Natives of this Isle,  
Expos'd 'em to the Foe an easy Prey,  
And made 'em insecure within their Sea.  
Of Peace insensible, and UNION's Charms,  
They ran, for ev'ry slight Offence, to Arms.  
Doubtful and bloody was the long Dispute  
Between the Race of Scots and of Brute.  
Now Those, now These, the settled Limits past,  
And spoilt the Borders with Alternate Wast.  
This Monarch now succeeds, now that prevails,  
And each upon his Son the War entails.  
Discord the Seeds of long Dissention sows,  
And the fierce Feud Hereditary grows.  
In vain fair UNION tunes her Golden Strings,  
To Men more senseless than the Woods she sings.  
For when of old Harmonious Orpheus plaid,  
The dancing Trees his heavenly Notes obey'd.  
No Harmony like UNION to the Mind,  
No Sound so moving, and no Voice so kind.  
Yet long she did in vain to Peace invite,  
Deaf were our Sires, and only join'd in Fight.*

## The Muses Mercury,

*By Pride possess'd, or by the Gaul abus'd,  
The Foe they courted, and the Friend refus'd.*

*Had Britain been but one in Edward's Reign,  
The Father France, the Son had conquer'd Spain :  
The Maese and Eber had her Bounds confin'd,  
And the two Seas been by her Empire joyn'd :  
But Discord stop'd 'em in their bold Career,  
Recall'd the War, and brought the Danger near.  
Alarm'd 'em with a new, a native Host,  
From Neighb'ring Tweed to Thule's remoter Coast.*

*Plantagenets Illustrious Race in vain,  
Long labour'd to enlarge Britannia's Reign.  
Impatient they beheld the circling Deep,  
Within too narrow Bounds their Empire keep :  
They fill'd the Continent with dire Allarms,  
And conquer'd still, till Discord check'd their Arms.  
Discord by Envy, and by Av'rice bred,  
The fatal Flame with lasting Fuel fed.  
The best, at home, the noblest British Blood  
Enrich'd the Marches with a guilty Flood.  
Both Realms their Captains and their Conq'rors boast,  
Both gain'd the Field, but when they gain'd they lost :  
The whole was weaken'd, when a Part prevail'd,  
And both, when either side succeeded, fail'd.  
There Peirce fought, and gallant Douglass fell,  
Of whom Old Bards such doughty Wonders tell.  
Here Wallace led his desp'rate Troops to fight.  
There Wharton forc'd his Royal Foe to flight.  
Ne'er did Romantick Knight so bravely dare,  
Nor win the Field in such unequal War.  
But nothing for a Patriot is too bold ;  
And such as Wharton now, was he of old :  
In Battel this the Spoyler Foe repels ;  
In Council that the Hydra Faction quells.*

Nor



for the Month of *April*, 1707.

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*Nor did the One on Eden's Fruitful Shore,  
For England's Glory, and his own, do more  
Than late the other has for Britain done,  
And serv'd at once his Country and the Crown.  
Who labour'd with such Wisdom and Success  
The fiery Zeal of Bigots to suppress?  
For Union who so well prepar'd the Way,  
Or with such Joy did Anna's Call obey?  
A Call as welcome to our ravish'd Ears,  
As the first Word that tun'd the dancing Spheres.  
Like that, as far as Humane Thought can rise  
From Earth, and speak the Wonders of the Skies;  
Which bid the Sun begin his glorious Race,  
And to rude Nature gave a beauteous Face.  
Nor do we in our daring Flight transgress:  
'Twas Heav'n inspir'd, but Anna bid the Peace.  
The Pow'r that made the World this Union fram'd,  
And finish'd the vast Work as soon as nam'd.  
France knew her envy'd Fortune wou'd decline,  
If Britain her divided Force shou'd join.  
The Mortal Feud she labour'd to maintain,  
And her first Rule was to divide and reign.  
Still had the bloody Quarrel been the same,  
And Time giv'n Vigour to the growing Flame.  
This Tudor saw, and study'd to prevent,  
The Fair for this to Stuart's Arms he sent.  
But tho the Marriage-League a while prevail'd,  
In Tudor and in Stuart's Sons it fail'd.  
Then Flodden soon became a guilty Plain,  
And Musselbro was fatten'd with the Slain.  
The Royal Scot before the Silver Down  
Bloom'd on his Chin, and he to Man was grown,  
Fell in the Field, and left an Infant-Heir,  
To wage with Feeble Arms a furious War.  
Short were the smiling Intervals of Peace,  
And seldom did the Sound of Battel cease.*

*The*

## The Muses Mercury,

Tho Hymen to unite the Britains strove,  
 Still Discord rag'd, and was too strong for Love;  
 Supported by the Pow'rs of Hell she stood,  
 And glutted her rapacious Maw with Blood.  
 Eliza dead, the Northern Star appears,  
 And gilds with chearful Rays the British Spheres:  
 No Tempest in our Skie, no Cloud was seen,  
 Each Soul was glad, and ev'ry Look serene:  
 But gath'ring Clouds and Tempests soon appear'd,  
 And Britain felt the many Ills she fear'd.  
 Lord of both Realms with equal Joy confess'd  
 Fair was the Prospect of their future Rest:  
 But e'er few Suns had run their yearly Race,  
 They lost the Promise of their Halcyon Days.  
 Fond of the happy UNION we possess,  
 To please the Prince, the People talk'd of Peace.  
 But soon he gave his vain Endeavours o'er,  
 The Means he us'd divided them the more;  
 New Rites impos'd, and Worship fixt by Force,  
 Made the Cause better, and the Quarrel worse.  
 Thus this wise Monarch, tho for Craft renown'd,  
 Instead of healing, still enrag'd the Wound:  
 His Son the same unhappy Steps pursu'd;  
 The Realms were arm'd, and ready both for Blood;  
 Fair UNION from the Noise of Battel fled,  
 And Discord rais'd aloft her Gorgon Head;  
 Wanton she grew, and in her lewd Embrace,  
 Begat foul Faction by the pamper'd Race:  
 The Race that still for old Contention cry,  
 And Heav'n and Anna's just Decrees defy.  
 Faction and Zeal the fiery Feud encreas'd,  
 And the fell Fury burnt in ev'ry Breast:  
 The Nations into less Divisions fall,  
 And UNION was alike despis'd by all.  
 In hostile Fields the Realms prepare to join,  
 Those pass the Tweed, and these approach'd the Tine;  
 They



for the Month of April, 1707.

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*They both dislik'd the War, yet loath'd a Peace,  
And doubted if to hope or fear Success;  
Afraid to fight, and yet asham'd to fly,  
Both Nations met in Arms, but scarce knew why:  
The Bigots on both sides for Battel press'd,  
But Charity and Reason press'd the rest.  
Yet UNION was a Stranger to their Minds;  
So Prejudice prevails, and Envy blinds.  
They saw 'twas safest to unite, but none  
Cou'd find the happy Means to make 'em One;  
A Labour by so many Interests cross'd,  
It prov'd a Maze, where all that walkt were lost.  
No Laws by Might supported, long will bind,  
And ne'er constrain, till they convince the Mind.  
This Cromwell found, tho Master of the Field,  
Short was the UNION which his Pow'r compell'd:  
The Force remov'd, the Nations were the same,  
And the false Friendship ended in a Flame.*

*Heav'n did for ANNE the glorious Work ordain,  
To crown the Blessings of her wond'rous Reign:  
Safe were the Methods she pursu'd and sure,  
And firm the League, and fated to endure:  
Not more her Conquests will exalt her Name,  
The first in Vertue, as 'tis first in Fame;  
Posterity her pious Care shall bless,  
While Men love Freedom, and are pleas'd with Peace.*

*These are the Times by ancient Bards foretold,  
Their soft Saturnian Years, their Age of Gold.  
The Tweed no more shall flow with British Blood,  
Nor Spoiler haunt the Caledonian Wood;  
The Northern Swain no sudden Foes shall fear,  
To wast the Promise of the Golden Year;  
Nor the fair Nymph the fierce Invader dread,  
But fly to meet the Man from whom she fled.*

Se.

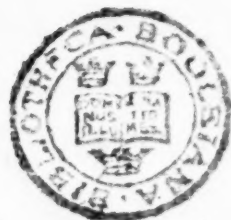
*Securely each may from the Borders roam,  
With Joy be still receiv'd, and still at home.*

## U N I O.

Authore *E. Wolley.*

**E**Xultate Poli Arctoi sub sidere nati,  
*Anglus*, Io ! læta Voce Triumphè canat.  
 Fœdere jam firmo discordia Regna quiescunt ;  
 Conjunxit Gentes U N I O fausta duas.  
 Quod non centum Anni, nec tot Conamina Regum,  
 Illud jam prudens A N N A peregit Opus.  
 Quæ non *HENRICUS* noster perfecit olim,  
 Discordes quamvis junxerat ille Domos ;  
 Quæ non Imbellis potuit præstare J A C O B U S,  
 Quamvis *Pacifici* Nomen habere volens :  
 Quæ non & C A R O L U S sælici ad Regna regressu ;  
 Ipsa ea sæmineâ vidimus acta Manu.

Fœdere ab hoc toto surgit Gens aurea Mundo ;  
 Hinc ex integro nascitur Æra nova :  
 Nunc Odii veteris Vestigia nulla manebunt,  
 Livor & æternâ Pace sepultus erit.  
 Optatum hoc Fœdus formidat *Gallicus* Hostis ;  
 Victorum & *Britonum* Robora juncta timet ;  
 Nec timet immeritò, cum vel disjuncta Potestas,  
 Quid jam præstiterit, tot Documenta manent.





To Mr. *H---le*, being belov'd by both Sexes.

Upon Reading the Lives of the ROMANS.

By Mrs. A. Behn.

I.

**H**adst thou Amyntas liv'd in that great Age,  
When hardly Beauty was to Nature known,  
What Numbers to thy side might'st thou ingage,  
And conquer Kingdoms by thy Looks alone.

II.

That Age when Valour they did Beauty name,  
When Men did justly our brave Sex prefer,  
'Cause they durst die, and scorn the publick Shame,  
Of adding Glory to be Conqueror.

III.

Had mighty Scipio had thy charming Face,  
Great Sophonisba had refus'd to die;  
Her Passion o'er the Sense of her Disgrace  
Had gain'd the more obliging Victory.

IV.

Nor less wou'd Massinissa too have done,  
But to such Eyes as to his Sword wou'd bow;  
For neither Sex can here thy Fetters shun,  
Being all Scipio and Amyntas too.

V.

Hadst thou Great Cæsar been, the Greater Queen  
Wou'd trembling have her mortal Asp laid by,  
In thee she had not only Cæsar seen,  
But all she did adore in Anthony.

M

Had

## VI.

*Had daring Sextus had thy lovely Shape,  
The fairest Woman living had not dy'd,  
But blest the Darkness that secur'd her Rape,  
Suffring her Pleasure t'ave debauch'd her Pride.*

## VII.

*Nor had he stole to Rome, t'ave quench'd his Fire,  
If thee Resistless in his Camp he 'ad known:  
Thy Eyes had kept his Virtue all intire,  
Surpassing hers he lov'd thy Soul, thy own.*

## VIII.

*Had Pompey look'd like thee, tho he had prov'd  
The Vanquish'd, yet from Ægypt's faithless King  
He had receiv'd the Vows of being lov'd,  
Instead of Orders for his Murthering.*

## IX.

*But here Amyntas thy Misfortune lies,  
Nor sweet, nor brave, are in thy times esteem'd,  
Content thee then with meaner Victories,  
Unless that glorious Age cou'd be Redeem'd.*

*A Familiar Epistle,*

*To the Knight of the Rhimes.*

*By W. Colepeper, Esq;*

**D**ear Sir, I ever thought your Mind,  
Of the unmov'd and fickle kind,  
But you're at last in Love I find,



*In Love ! and all the Stars permit,  
Your fond Pursuit of M A D A M W I T.  
Painful and hopeless is the Chace,  
She'll never suffer your Embrace ;  
More swiftly still she flies from you,  
Than from the God coy Daphne flew.  
But if, dear Sir, you'll not be proud,  
Your Uniformity's allow'd :  
Not any one of all your Lines,  
More brightly than another shines ;  
Neither does one disgrace the rest,  
Nothing is either worst or best.  
If you to Fleckno had been known,  
He had adopted you his Son ;  
Dear Sir, I beg you to write on,  
And let your well fill'd Paper be  
Most carefully convey'd to me :  
My Taylor still, as he thinks fit,  
Shall cut his Measures out of it ;  
My Semstress too, whene're she wraps  
Her Musling up, and quilted Caps,  
Shall use your copious Poetry,  
And want no Bills in Chancery.  
Sometimes I wish, that in this Nation,  
We had the Greek and Roman Fashion,  
On Funeral Piles to burn the Dead,  
The Crop of your pretending Head,  
Wou'd thus th' Expence of Faggots save,  
And all your noble Rhimes wou'd have  
A timely and most worthy Doom,  
With you, the A U T H O R, to consume.  
Quære, dear Sir, what then might we  
From such prodigious Ashes see ?  
Whene're the Burning Phœnix dies,  
Another from its Urn will rise :*

# The Muses Mercury,

Or, if you think I've scarce been just,  
 Dear Sir, to your Poetick Dust,  
 Were it about by Boreas blown,  
 As Dragons Teeth by Cadmus sown,  
 Bred Sons of War, your fruitful Stile,  
 And scatter'd Parts wou'd seed our Isle;  
 Your ev'ry Atome wou'd produce,  
 A City Bard, or Smithfield Muse;  
 You'd give a Thousand D-----'s Birth,  
 And load with T---s the lab'ring Earth.

To Mrs. A---- A-----.

By the same Hand.

**H**Ad you been Helen, neither Troy nor Greece,  
 Had e're broke Hospitality or Peace.  
 At Rome your Person would have chang'd the Scene,  
 Your Tarquin had another Joseph been.  
 Or if you had Lucretia's Place supply'd,  
 Tarquin, not you, in Discontent had dy'd.

## S O N G.

By Mr. Dennis.

**T**ILL Death I Sylvia must Adore,  
 No Time my Freedom can restore,  
 For tho' her Rigour makes me smart,  
 Yet when I strive to free my Heart,  
 Strait all my Senses take her part:  
 And when against the cruel Maid,  
 I call my Reason to my aid,

By



for the Month of *April*, 1707.

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*By that, alas! I plainly see  
That nothing Lovely is, but She;  
And Reason Captivates me more  
Than all my Senses did before.*

---

## *E P I T A P H,*

Writ by *Boileau*, for his Mother's Tomb-stone.

By the Same.

[ *She Speaks* ]

*P*Lain was my Spouse and Mild, sweet-natur'd I,  
And by that Charm look'd Lovely in his Eye;  
We on our Neighbour ne'er broke cruel Jest;  
Ask not if all my Children stand possess'd  
Of the same Goodness, Reader cast thy sight  
Only on these few Lines, and never Write †.

† *Boileau* was Famous for Attacking Authors.

---

*Hor. Od. 10. l. 4. Imitated,*

By *Mr. Manning*.

*L*isetta, why so wondrous Coy,  
When Youth invites to Pleasure?  
Think you that Love's a lasting Joy,  
That one may tast at leisure?

*Consider*

## The Muses Mercury,

Consider better, I advise,  
 The Question I am stating :  
 That Beauty fades, Occasion flies,  
 While you're the Point debating.

Tho' now Insensible as Fair,  
 And all my Vows disdaining,  
 You take delight in my Despair,  
 And mock my fond Complaining.

When Age shall seize you yet a Maid,  
 And all those lovely Tresses,  
 Where Cupid sits in Ambuscade,  
 And scatters thousand Graces,

Shall fall defenceless from your Head,  
 And Love his Camp remove;  
 Those Sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead  
 That now so fatal prove:

When that Vermilion on your Face,  
 That does the Rose outvy,  
 To deadly Paleness shall give place,  
 And loose its Crimson Dye.

Then mark me, as the faithful Glass  
 The dismal Change betrays,  
 You'll cry, how Mad was I to pass  
 So ill my Youthful Days.

But, oh! too late my Fault I own,  
 (None can past Youth renew)  
 I'm ever destin'd to bemoan  
 The Joys I never knew.



*EPILOGUE,*

For Mr. *Estcourt*, at his first Appearance on the English-  
Stage.

By Mr. *Mottoux*.

**F**ond of your Smiles, an Humble Comic Brother,  
Has left one Isle, to try himself on t'other.  
But now he's to go on, he quakes as much  
As Maiden Warriors coming to the Touch.  
Your Judgment awes him, yet he knows 'tis fit,  
All shou'd be try'd at this great Mint of Wit;  
The Doubtful Ore first kindly you refine,  
Then stamp the Bullion into Sterling Coyn;  
Till round the World the strictest Test 'twill bear,  
Like English Money, Courted ev'ry where.  
Not that pure Nature shines in each Essay,  
A little Brass well mix'd secures our Pay,  
As Gold too fine for Use, is strengthen'd with Alloy.  
Spare then the first Endeavours of our Play'r:  
The Countrey Damsel doubts her Dress and Air,  
But, apt by Nature, quickly mends 'em here.  
The Landed 'Squire dreads to be thought a Clown,  
Till Sharpen'd, Polish'd, Form'd, and Clapt in Town.  
The Country Black-coat, fears he's deem'd a Lump,  
Till in Town Pulpit he the Cushion Thump.  
Nay, quaking Friend, from Country Tub descends,  
To try his Hone, and Shake with City Friends.  
So vain is Man, tho' Praise is empty Noise,  
'Twill raise the Wretch, and fill his Soul with Joys.  
Then to our New Advent'rer now be kind:  
Send him back fill'd with Praise, since that's but Wind:  
Please

## The Muses Mercury,

*Please him, tho' yet there were but little Cause :  
You know, there's nothing cheaper than Applause.*

---

## LOVE and FOLLY, a Fable.

*By the Same.*

**L**ove and Folly were at Play ;  
Both too Wanton to be Wise ;  
They fell out, and in the Fray,  
Folly put out Cupid's Eyes.  
Strait the Criminal was try'd,  
And this Punishment Assign'd,  
Folly shou'd to Love be ty'd,  
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.  
Then Wisely let's venture our Selves to deceive,  
Since Fate has decreed us to Love and Believe :  
For all we can gain by our Wisdom and Eyes,  
Is to find our Selves Cheated, and Wretched, when Wise.

---

To Damon, flying from him.

*By Lucinda.*

**S**hepherd, when thou seest me fly,  
Why should that thy Fears create ;  
Maids may be as often shy,  
Out of Love, as out of Hate,  
When from you I fly away,  
'Tis because I fear to stay :

*Did*



Did I out of Hatred run,  
 Less would be my Pain and Care ;  
 But the Youth I love to shun :  
 Who can such a Trial bear ?  
 Who that such a Swain did see ?  
 Who could love and fly like me ?  
 Cruel Duty bids me go,  
 Gentle Love commands my stay,  
 Duty's still to Love a Foe,  
 Shall I this, or that obey ?  
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,  
 That defends, and this beguiles.  
 Ever by this Cristal Stream  
 I could sit and hear thee sigh,  
 Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream,  
 Oh 'tis worse than Death to fly ;  
 But the Danger is so great,  
 Fear gives Wings, instead of Feet.  
 If thou lov'st me, Shepherd leave me,  
 If I stay I am undone ;  
 Oh thou mayst with ease deceive me,  
 Prithee Charming Boy be gone ;  
 Heav'n decrees that we must part,  
 He has my Vow, and thou my Heart.

---

## *On his Mistress.*

By a Parson.

**W**Hen the Three Charming Beauties of the Skies,  
 Contended Naked for the Golden Prize ;  
 The Apple had not fall'n to Venus share,  
 Had I been Paris, and my Delia there.

## The Muses Mercury,

*In whom alone, we all their Graces find,  
 The moving Gaiety of Venus joynd  
 To Juno's Aspect, and Minerva's Mind.  
 View but those Nymphs whom other Swains adore,  
 You'll value Charming Delia still the more.  
 Dorinda's Mien's Majestick; but her Mind  
 Is to Revenge, and Peevishness inclin'd.  
 Myrtilla's Fair, but yet Myrtilla's Proud.  
 Cloe has Wit, but Noisy, Vain and Loud.  
 Melanea doats upon the silliest Things,  
 And yet Melanea like an Angel sings.  
 But in my Delia all Perfections meet,  
 All that is Just, Agreeable and Sweet,  
 All that can Praise and Admiration move,  
 All that the Bravest and the Wisest love.*

---

**W**E are told, the Ladies would be better pleas'd with our *Mercurys*, if there were an *Ænigma* or two in them. That Reason has the Weight of a Thousand with us, and we are glad we can now oblige them.

*Æ N I G M A.*

By Mr. S. T.

**F**rom India's burning Clime I'm brought,  
 With cooling Gales, like Zephirs fraught;  
 Not Iris, when she paints the Sky,  
 Can shew more different Hues than I;  
 Nor can she change her Form so fast,  
 I'm now a Sail, and now a Mast;  
 I here am Red, and there am Green,  
 A Begger there, and here a Queen.



*I sometimes live in House of Hair,  
And oft in Hand of Lady Fair ;  
I please the Young, I grace the Old,  
And am at once both Hot and Cold :  
Say what I am, then if you can  
But find the Rhime, and you're the Man.*

---

## A Character of King *William*.

By *W. Colepeper*, Esq;

### I.

**M**ost of the Brave, and Those for Hero's fam'd,  
To trace their Lives with an impartial Care,  
For some Misconduct may perhaps be blam'd,  
Some Stain presents their Memory less Fair.

### II.

*Either their Youth in Luxury was drown'd,  
Or nothing cou'd their Rage to Reason bring,  
Or nothing could their wild Ambition bound ;  
But ev'ry Virtue's equal in the King.*

### III.

*If we the Macedonian's Mighty Mind,  
And Cæsar's Clemency together take,  
They may perhaps, to Cato's Justice joyn'd,  
And Scipio's Temperance, One William make.*

## S O N G.

By Sir T. C.

**I** Never cou'd admire  
 Those Phantoms of Desire,  
 The Black or White,  
 The Brown or Bright,  
 The Person or Attire.  
 Those glitterin g Eyes,  
 That charm the Wise  
 Cou'd never much affect me,  
 For I can see,  
 And yet be free,  
 While greater Pow'rs protect me.

If yet in Woman-kind  
 My Fortune were to find  
 A pregnant Wit,  
 A Humour fit,  
 And rare accomplish'd Mind:  
 Altho' her Face,  
 And outward Grace,  
 Were such as scarce cou'd tempt me,  
 Yet I must be  
 Her Votary,  
 Nor cou'd my Fate exempt me.

But where a noble Grace,  
 With Beauty in the Face,  
 And yet a Mind,  
 Far more refin'd,  
 Are center'd in a Place,  
 Tho' others may  
 Our Passions sway,

'Tis



for the Month of April, 1707.

99

'Tis she commands our Wonder,  
The Gods above  
Submit to Love,  
And Jove resigns his Thunder.

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S O N G.  
TO SYLVIA.

By the Same.

**F**air Sylvia, if you cannot love,  
Or if I am not He,  
That can in you a Passion move,  
Speak then and set me free.  
I hate to court, and keep a pother,  
To make you gamesom for another.

These ten days that I now have lain  
Before your Face and Eyes,  
Had been Time long enough to gain  
A far more noble Prize.  
But I'm content you make your Boast,  
That I've a Wit and Beauty lost.

'Tis brave, True Lover, without doubt,  
A well-kept Fort to win,  
But surely she that keeps you out,  
Is better man'd within.  
On, on, for tho the Siege endures,  
When not worth taking she'll be yours.

An

## An EPITAPH on his dear Deceas'd Horse.

By A--- B---.

M. S.

**H**ere lies an honest Horse that cou'd not Preach,  
 Yet his Example might the Preachers Teach,  
 He travell'd for his Master Night and Day,  
 And earn'd, before he eat, his Oats and Hay;  
 Well-temper'd Gen'rous Creature, rest in Peace,  
 The Saddle wrings no more, thy Journeys cease:  
 Were Gallia's King, the C-r, and Pope, of me  
 To ask Advice, they'd wish (if that cou'd be)  
 Their Everlasting Souls, good Horse, with thee. }

*The POET's Grievance.*

Faithfully Translated from the French King's Panegyrist Boileau.

By W. Colepeper, Esq;

**A**ND O! my angry Stars, as if in spight,  
 When I'd say Black, perversely Rhime says White:  
 If on a charming Fair I make my Song,  
 Our Hearts say Sunderland, the Rhime says-----  
 Who, on his Throne, the Celtick Tyrant shook;  
 The Sense says Marlbro', but the Rhime cries -----.

**T**HE Promise we made in our last Mercury, of giving more Prose than Verse, and treating of Opera's, is defer'd till the Poems we are oblig'd to print are publish'd; for we have so many sent us, that we should disoblige the Gentlemen who contribute to our Undertaking, if we did not communicate them: And we are glad of this Opportunity of letting the World know, that we are in no want of Verses to support our Design. However we desire the Gentlemen who have assisted us, not to give over; for the more Choice we have, the more Content we shall be able to give.

F I N I S.